

## [Everything About You](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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**Summary:**

The morning after, the second round, and the first date.

Keith tries to educate Lance on the finer points of fellatio, Lance almost gets them literally caught with their pants down, Keith misses most of *Jurassic Park* because Lance is more interesting than dinosaurs.

Sequel to [Came to Leave With Somebody](#).

# Everything About You

## Author's Note:

Thanks to all the people who asked for a sequel! I wanted to do Keith POV this time :D

Keith is really in love already and has no idea what to do with himself or his hands most of the time so that was fun.

Keith woke early because his bed was perfectly positioned for the sun to beam through the window and directly into his eyes. He extracted one hand from the blankets and rubbed his temples, wondering briefly why he felt so gross if he wasn't hungover, and then realized he was covered in stale sweat and a little overheated because of the body draped over his.

It didn't take him long to remember that Lance was in his bed. Hard to forget, when the guy was laying on top of him and sharing his pillow, looking so pretty, Keith wanted to laugh, because, seriously, who looked that good the morning after? But there Lance was, arm around Keith, the blankets bunched at his waist, leaving his torso bare to the glow of the morning sun, shadows shifting over him as he breathed slowly. His hair was a mess, but unlike Keith's, it was just artfully tousled instead of oily and tangled and sticking to the back of his neck.

Shit, Keith had thought Lance was pretty last night, but in this light, he was a centuries-old oil painting. A work of art, deserving of wall space in a museum.

*Slow down, he told himself, you slept with him once, it's not time to get poetic. Yet.*

Keith figured he had two options: curl up and try to go back to sleep while acutely aware of how greasy his hair was, or sneak out from under Lance's dead weight and get in the shower. Keith's skin was sticking to Lance's with sweat, so the second option started to sound more and more appealing. He

shifted, nudging Lance's arm out of the way so he could stand, checking carefully to see if he'd woken him.

Lance didn't seem to notice, not consciously, anyway. He made an unintelligible noise and moved into the warm spot Keith had left in the bed. Keith would pretend it didn't leave him with an indulgent smile on his face.

Keith cranked the shower water up until it was almost too hot to stand, his preferred temperature. He left his sweats in a pile on the bathroom floor, stepped under the spray, and let his mind melt.

Okay, it was a little hard to turn his brain off entirely, because Lance was in the next room over and the memories of him falling to pieces in Keith's arms were fresh in his mind. It was distracting. Keith couldn't pull himself away from the mental picture of Lance sprawled across his bed, the phantom feeling of Lance's hands scrabbling across his shoulders as he pulled Keith down and—

That was about when Keith got shampoo in his eyes.

It definitely got him to stop thinking about Lance. It got him to stop thinking about anything that wasn't *ow, fuck, why does it sting so much? and am I blind now?* He squeezed his eyes shut and pressed the heels of his hands against them as they watered, then reached to blindly shut off the shower and buried his face in a towel until his eyes stopped stinging.

When he finally dropped the towel and looked at himself in the mirror, his eyes were red (no surprise) and rimmed with dark circles, the result of struggling through finals week and then going to a party just after. Maybe Lance had worn him out a little, too, although he *had* been on his back for most of it. Oh, okay, so he was back to thinking about that. Awesome. He frowned at himself in the mirror as he brushed his teeth, put his hair up, and told himself to get it together.

Keith wrapped the towel around his waist and walked back into the bedroom to check on Lance, who was sitting up, blinking sleepily at the room like he was trying to figure out what was going on. Or where he was. God, how drunk had he been?

"Oh, Keith! There you are," Lance said, "thought you disappeared. Or maybe you didn't exist and I just had a really vivid dream."

Keith gave him a sidelong look.

"Kidding. I know what happened," Lance said. He'd kicked the blankets off and he was just sitting there, cross-legged, in a pair of Keith's sweatpants and nothing else. If Keith didn't think it'd be presumptuous as all hell, he'd drop the towel and tackle Lance back onto the mattress. "You doing okay, man?"

"Mm? Yeah. Just tired," he said. "Gonna go make coffee. You want some?"

"Only if you've got a whole lot of cream and sugar." Lance hopped out of bed, picking up his phone from next to the tissue box on the bedside table. He whistled as he scrolled through his messages. "Christ, my sister's crazy," he said. "She texted me like eight times asking if I was good and—oh my god. I just saw the words 'consent to sexual activity.' From my sister. Eugh."

"Should I take you back to her place?" Keith asked, while Lance tapped out a message in response to his sister's concern.

"Not until after coffee, no," he said. He set his phone back down. "Can I borrow your shower?"

Keith nodded mutely, because Lance was stretching and it made the borrowed sweatpants ride even lower on his hips, exposing basically all of his happy trail, which was kind of a scraggly mess, and that was Keith's fault.

Lance gave him and his silent response a perplexed look as he walked past Keith and out the bedroom door with a quiet, "thanks, man," and Keith continued to stare. He could see the dimples above Lance's ass, knew he'd pressed his fingers there last night while Lance—okay, that could wait until after coffee, too. Keith needed a lot of caffiene if he was gonna deal with this. And he probably needed pants. He put his pants back on.

Keith rested his head on top of his arms on the kitchen table while the coffee pot did its thing, staring absent-mindedly at the set of potted herbs that Shiro was trying to keep alive, lined up on the counter in the spot that would get the most sun. Most of them seemed a little droopy and the basil had yellow spots on the leaves, but he tried. The coffee smell started to fill the kitchen, and, all things considered, it was a pretty nice morning. Keith had made that fancy-ass hazelnut coffee Shiro bought, not because he liked it, but because he was pretty sure Lance would.

When it was finished, he dumped a bit less than Shiro's usual amount of cream and sugar in one mug and went back down the hall, balancing an overfull coffee mug in each hand. Lance wasn't in the bathroom anymore, but Keith could hear him moving around in the bedroom, so he called, "can I come in?"

He got back a, "yeah!" followed by what he could swear was, "it's your room, dude."

"I just wanted to make sure you weren't—" Keith stopped and stared, white-knuckling the handles of both mugs so he didn't drop them.

Okay, so Lance wasn't naked. But he was still in the process of wrapping a towel around his waist, and of course, it was the spare one Keith and Shiro kept in the cabinet under the bathroom sink, the one with the frayed edges that was just a little too small to comfortably use.

Keith knew, and remembered very clearly, that he had seen Lance much more naked than this last night. But somehow, in the daylight, it was different. Keith wasn't sure what the rules were anymore. He'd had a couple of other hookups stay the night, and sure, they always looked different in the morning, but it was usually more of an *ugh, he was more attractive when I was drunk* kinda thing.

"Didn't wanna put real clothes on, so I stole your towel, sorry," Lance said, not sounding apologetic in the slightest. He sat on the bed and the towel split open at the side, revealing basically all of his thigh, including the soft smudge of bruises Keith's fingers had left when he'd held onto Lance a little too hard to balance him.

"Yeah, that's cool," Keith said, feeling like the words that came out of his mouth were distant.

He handed Lance his mug and Lance smiled at the pattern on the side. It was a bunch of cats, because Keith got his mugs from Goodwill, and apparently, people who donated mugs to Goodwill were mostly grandmothers who had pastel kittens all over their coffee mugs. "That's so cute," Lance said, taking a sip. "Wouldn't have pegged you for the kind of guy who has mugs with kittens on them."

"I just kinda got it," Keith said, with a shrug. His own mug was the only one he hadn't gotten secondhand—it was red-and-white striped and had been like two dollars. He always used that one. Shiro wasn't allowed, because Shiro made tea in mugs and it stained the insides.

Keith wasn't sure what else to say, but thankfully, Lance had no shortage of conversation topics. "I got my sister to chill," he said, "even though I had to type the words 'everything we did was consensual' at my *sister*. At least I got to follow it up like 'please stop freaking out goodbye'."

"That's, uh, good?"

"Mm-hm." Lance paused, reaching for his phone again, and Keith was distracted by the stretch of his side as he moved. He handed it to Keith, who stared at it blankly for a second. The background was a cartoon hammerhead shark, and Lance had his apps organized in rainbow order. "You still giving me your number?"

"Oh, yeah, of course." He typed it in, handed the phone back to Lance, and then drank as much of his coffee as he could in one go. He needed it.

"So. This is weird. Is this weird? Am I making this weird?" Lance fidgeted, tapping his fingers on the side of his mug.

"No! You're not—listen, *I'm* making this weird." Because he was still sneaking glances at the place where the towel left Lance's thigh bare. Lance sat with his legs spread wider than Keith would've dared in that thing, and if

he continued to do so, he'd untuck the corner that was keeping it in place. A part of Keith desperately wanted that to happen.

Lance shook his head and took a drink. "You're not making it weird. You made me coffee and you're being all nice and stuff, I'm just... I dunno."

Keith tore his gaze away from the towel to watch Lance's face, the way his lips pursed around another sip of coffee. He wasn't looking at Keith, eyes flickering between the posters on the wall over Shiro's bed, and in the light, Keith could see the freckles dusting his nose and cheeks. "Are you doing alright?" he asked.

"Yeah," he said, "yeah, I'm fine. Kinda sore."

"Sore? I didn't... hurt you or anything, did—"

"No, dude, my thighs," Lance explained, laughing. "In case you didn't notice based on the fact that my body type is 'noodle,' I don't go to the gym a lot. And I rode you for like, a while."

"Oh."

"What did you *think*?"

"Nothing!" Keith elbowed Lance in the arm, gentle enough that he didn't spill his coffee. He set his own empty mug on the headboard as they lapsed into another silence. Lance scooted a little closer to him, and it disturbed the edges of the towel so much, he basically just had one whole thigh out. Keith, without thinking, set his hand there, tugging the towel back into place. "This thing's way too short," he mumbled, and Lance giggled against the rim of his coffee mug.

"Oh, is *that* what you're thinking about?"

"I'm... thinking about it a little bit." Keith didn't miss the way Lance's hips turned towards him.

"Did you mean what you said last night?" Lance asked, which threw Keith off-guard, because he'd said a lot of things last night, and had meant all of

them, as far as he remembered. "About wanting to take me out on an actual date and stuff."

He slid his hand down to Lance's knee, which seemed more appropriate in theory, but now he was touching bare skin, so he wasn't exactly sure. "Yes. I asked you out, I don't just... that's not just some post-coital fuzzy feeling. I meant it."

"Okay, cool," Lance said, reaching past him to set his still-partially-full mug next to Keith's. "'Cuz I wasn't gonna do this unless you wanted to actually date me."

Keith felt warm hands on his bare hips before he felt Lance's mouth against his, and he froze for a second, then relaxed into it. Lance's mouth tasted like coffee. He was a bit more tentative with it than he'd been last night, and something about it felt sweeter. Like it was less a passion-fueled, one-time rush, and more a new start. Like they had time to take it slow and figure things out. Or maybe it was just all the goddamn creamer Lance put in his coffee.

Lance swung a leg over Keith's to straddle him, kissing him again, until Keith was pressed back against the wall behind his bed, his lap full of Lance, who was now basically naked, for all the good his towel was doing him. Keith was hesitant to touch him, not entirely sure how far Lance wanted to go, but Lance had no shame in running his palms over Keith's bare chest, even less in the way he settled himself fully onto Keith's lap. Keith put his hands on Lance's waist, which felt safe, like he wasn't assuming Lance was okay with more.

Even with his eyes squeezed tight, Keith could feel Lance getting hard against his stomach. Mostly because Lance was kind of grinding against him, his hips hitching in little, uneven motions, greedy and desperate. Keith's fingers buried themselves in terrycloth but he could feel Lance's ass underneath his hands anyway.

"Keith," Lance said, breathing his name in a needy whine. "I wanna blow you."



Keith's train of thought screeched to a halt.

"There's no way you know how to do that."

"So, teach me," Lance said. He ground back against Keith's crotch, a lascivious grin spreading onto his face because yeah, okay, Keith was kind of hard, too. It'd be difficult not to be, and Keith wasn't overflowing with self-control in the first place.

"Okay, yeah, I'll... I'll show you," he said, taking Lance's thighs in his hands and lifting, until Lance got the hint and climbed off his lap, letting Keith direct him until he was sitting on the edge of the bed. Lance lost the towel in the process, tossing it off to the side, where it landed on Keith's pillow, and Keith would unpack the sudden urge he had to never wash his pillowcase later.

Lance looked at him askance, like he couldn't figure out why he was the one seated and Keith was the one going to his knees. "What are you...?"

"Teaching by example," Keith said. "You good?"

Lance's face was beet-red and his knees pressed closer together, which only served to squeeze Keith's torso between them. "I'm. Um. Yeah, that's. That's a very good educational decision."

Keith didn't have the heart to tell him that the only reason he'd decided to do it this way was that he didn't think he could verbally articulate how to give head. Keith had a low threshold for embarrassment in the first place, and that was way beyond it. Tell somebody out loud with actual words how to suck dick? No.

Lance seemed pretty amenable to his solution, anyway. He was muttering under his breath, seemingly to himself, and Keith couldn't catch much of it until it started to get louder with an "oh my god, oh my god, you're actually gonna—shit, fuck—" and Keith started to worry a bit.

Because seriously, if Lance was going that crazy at the *idea* of Keith sucking his dick, this whole demonstration might not last long enough for

Lance to actually learn anything. And Keith sort of wanted him to reciprocate, if he was being entirely honest with himself. Keith took Lance's cock in one hand, and then hissed, because Lance had involuntarily tensed and gripped his hair. "Stop pulling," he said, taking Lance's hand off his head and directing it to his shoulder instead. Lance's palm was sweaty, but Keith also found his nerves sort of endearing.

"I'm good, I'm fine, you can, uh. You can go for it," he said. Keith must've looked real worried if Lance felt like he had to be the one doling out reassurances.

Okay, so, it had been a *while* since Keith had given somebody head. He couldn't remember doing it since freshman year, both because he didn't really get with anybody and because he didn't like giving blowjobs that much. Dick didn't taste great, come tasted horrendous, and Keith had a gag reflex from hell, so if he could avoid it, he usually would.

Usually. Lance made him want to, mostly because he had no previous experience to compare it to and Keith just *knew* he could make Lance go completely crazy.

It had still been a while, so Keith took it slow, licking first, with the flat of his tongue, because he always felt like he couldn't taste it as much like that. Lance whined and shoved his hips forward, his dick smearing Keith's own saliva on his cheek, which was gross and a very obvious warning sign that Keith was gonna have to put some effort into holding Lance down. Again. Gag reflex from *hell*.

Keith held Lance's hips, fingers fitting to the sharp jut of them. "You can't like, fuck my mouth," he said. "I'm not very... I'm not great at this, I can't take that."

"Oh, oh, uh, sorry," Lance said, "I'll. I'll stop doing that."

Keith didn't believe him for a second. He rested his weight on one of Lance's thighs as he leaned in again, licking the head of Lance's cock, swallowing a couple times to avoid cringing as he got used to the taste. He

honestly wasn't great at this, but Lance whined at every touch anyways, the hand on Keith's shoulder squeezing tight.

Keith knew his movements were clumsy, unpracticed, but Lance seemed pleased with them all the same, arching and pushing against Keith's hands, which held tight to his hips to keep him still. It was like he couldn't stop talking, babbling "oh god, Keith, that's so good, don't stop," to no response, because Keith's mouth was otherwise occupied. Keith remembered that this was supposed to be somewhat educational, and he slowed, bobbing his head as far down as he could go, which, admittedly, wasn't that far. He pulled back up, gently sucking, and worked himself into as much of a rhythm as he could, until he felt a trickle of wetness spill into his mouth.

"Hey, warn me when you're gonna come," he said, and Lance, who'd gone quiet, choked out an *okay* before Keith went back down, dragging his tongue up the length of Lance's cock before sucking it into his mouth again.

It took all of thirty seconds for Lance to start pulling his hair again, fingers tangling in the loose strands of his bangs that Keith couldn't quite keep in his ponytail. "Keith, I'm—" he started, and even though it was cut off by a long, low whine, Keith could guess that the end of that sentence was.

He pulled off, and wrapped a hand around Lance's cock, which was probably unnecessary, because he was already coming, doubling over and bracing himself against Keith's shoulders, a half-shout breaking from his throat.

Lance settled eventually, petting Keith's hair like he was apologizing for pulling it, still breathing hard. "That was... *Jesus*. Keith. That was really good, I... is it my turn?"

Keith, who'd been raiding the tissue box so he could wipe off his hand, paused, because he heard the click and creak of the front door opening. He turned his head and stared in its direction like he could see right through the bedroom door and telepathically tell Shiro to leave for like, twenty more minutes.

"Shit. That's my roommate," he said, not entirely sure what to do, because Lance was still naked, Keith was still hard, and both of them looked very much like they'd just been having sex.

Which, of course, was because they had been.

*"Is he coming in here?"* Lance said, whispering and shouting at the same time.

And he might've been. It was his bedroom too. "God, he better not," Keith said. He stood, walked a couple steps closer to the door so he'd be audible when he called, "Shiro?"

There was a *"Yeah!"* from the other side of the door, peppy in the kind of way Shiro only was in the mornings after he'd spent the night at his boyfriend's place.

"Uh... Don't come in here for a second!"

Lance was already scrambling to put his clothes back on, and, in the process, he ended up with Keith's shirt on. It was also backwards.

"Why? Do you have somebody over?" Shiro sounded like he was teasing, because Keith never had people over just for fun, and in the rare times he did bring a hookup home, they were gone by this hour.

Which was why Keith wasn't entirely sure if Shiro would believe him when he yelled, "yeah!" back. He followed it up with, "seriously, I do!"

Lance shook his head. "I take it this doesn't happen very often?" He had his own shirt on, now.

"Uh. No. Not really," Keith said. Lance was handing his shirt to him and he took it, tugging it on over his head. "I, um. I'm sorry we got cut off."

"I should be the one apologizing," Lance said, "you got the, uh, short end of the stick there, I guess."

"I'll survive." He was planning on jerking off as soon as Lance was out the door and he could hole himself away in the bathroom for a second shower, anyway.

Lance double-checked his pockets to make sure he had everything, and Keith had to come to grips with the fact that Lance was leaving, and he had to find a non-awkward way to say 'bye, see you next time and can next time be as soon as physically possible? Well, he thought he was going to have to.

Lance seemed to be ahead of him there, though. "Hey, so, I live right by this drive-in movie theater, I thought maybe next weekend we could go? I'll borrow my brother's pickup truck and we can camp out in the back, and, uh. As long as you don't think that's really lame."

Keith realized he might have had a strange look on his face, because he was trying to think when his last date had been. He smiled, instead, even though embarrassment made it crooked. "Yeah. That sounds really good. Text me the times?"

"Oh! Yeah! Sure, I will," Lance said, and he opened Keith's bedroom door, then hovered awkwardly for a moment. "I... I had a really good time," he said, the words dropping slowly like he knew they weren't quite right as he said them.

"Me too," Keith said, anyway, meeting him in the doorframe to kiss him goodbye.

Lance grinned at Keith over his shoulder as he left. The towel was still on Keith's pillow.

"He's cute," Shiro remarked, when Keith finally left the bedroom door to find Shiro standing at the counter, pouring himself a cup of the coffee Keith had made, and the apartment otherwise empty.

Yeah, Keith thought, he is.

— — —

Keith drove to Lance's place on his bike, mentally walking himself through what he'd say if he met Lance's mom or his brothers or his sister again, or his niece and nephew or whoever else might be at the house—if there was one thing he'd learned from texting Lance for the past week, it was that his family was huge. It turned out he didn't have to put any of that into practice, because as soon as he put his foot down on the curb, Lance was flying out of the door and across the front porch, meeting him in a hug before he could even get the kickstand on his bike into place.

"Hey!" Lance greeted him, rocking back on his heels. "My mom and Veronica are one hundred percent watching out the front window, so let's go!" He brandished what must've been the keys to the pickup, and before Keith could so much as set down his helmet, he was dragging him to the enormous silver Ford, which he backed out the driveway with alarming speed.

"Jesus Christ," Keith said, craning his neck to look out the window and make sure Lance hadn't run over Red in the process.

"Sorry, dude, but I really didn't think you wanted them to 'coincidentally' walk out the door at the same time and 'just so happen' to have a ten-minute-long conversation about this date." When Lance made air quotes, he took his hands off the wheel entirely, and Keith struggled against the urge to seize it, even though they were driving on an empty, pin-straight country road.

"I wouldn't mind," Keith mumbled, and seriously, what the *hell* was coming out of his mouth, because he'd never met a boyfriend's parents, and had, in fact, gone out of his way quite a few times to avoid doing so. And Lance wasn't even his boyfriend.

"You say that," Lance said, "but they're experts at thinly veiling exactly what they want to know about my love life."

Yeah, Keith thought, that might not be pleasant.

"And we'd be late for the movie!"

Keith laughed. "Tragic."

The drive-in theater wasn't far from Lance's house, and it looked like it'd been there since long before either of them were alive. Lance must've known the kid working the ticket booth, because he leaned out the car window to greet him, and asked him something about finals. Keith only caught the tail end of it, which was a gleeful, "ha! I don't have to take them!" because he was distracted by the way Lance's shirt rode up as he leaned over, revealing a bare inch and a half of skin on his hip and the waistband of his boxers.

Lance thumped back into the driver's seat, brandishing a ticket, which he stuck in the windshield, not that anybody at this place would be wandering around checking tickets. He parked the truck facing away from the screen and hopped out of the cab, entreating Keith to come with him as he circled around the back and hopped into the bed, crumpling up a tarp that was covering a small mountain of rolled-up sleeping bags and what looked like outdoor throw pillows.

Keith helped him unroll them and turn the bed of the truck into a makeshift little nest, which was pretty comfortable, even though he could still feel the grooves in the truckbed through the sleeping bags. Lance probably couldn't, because he decided to sit mostly on Keith's lap, which Keith was simultaneously into and nervous about. This wasn't quite like cuddling up in the back of a movie theater, because there were people moving all around them, and headlights passing by as more cars pulled in, but the shadows of the cab of the truck behind them and the darkness settling its way across them made Keith feel a little more comfortable.

And, of course, that was when Lance decided to shift off of him. Keith worried for a moment that he'd projected some of his nerves somehow, that Lance had felt him tense or something, but instead, he was just rummaging through his backpack, which was shoved to the far end of the truck. "I brought snacks," he said, hushed like he was telling Keith a secret, "because the food here's just as overpriced as a regular theater."

Lance returned from rifling through it with a giant bag of caramel popcorn and a couple bottles of water, and he set the popcorn between them politely,

even though Keith only ate a handful, both because he'd eaten a ton of leftover pizza before he left his apartment and because he didn't really like the way caramel popcorn got stuck in his teeth twice as much as regular popcorn.

The drive-in played old summer blockbusters, all things that'd been out for years but were on their way to being referred to as 'the classics.' This week's was *Jurassic Park*, which Keith had seen before but didn't quite remember anything about other than dinosaurs and Jeff Goldblum. He wasn't as interested in the movie as he was Lance's running commentary, because Lance was charmingly witty and had some good points on dinosaur amusement parks.

"I'm just saying," Lance continued, tugging a spare blanket over their laps, "if you're going to make a dinosaur park, why do you *have* to make a big-ass T-rex? Like, they can do whatever they want with genetics. Why not make it the size of a chicken?"

"Why not just make dinosaurs that don't eat people," Keith suggested. Lance's legs draped over his lap again.

"I think that's asking too much of Hollywood." Lance rested his chin on Keith's shoulder, close enough that he was breathing warm over Keith's jawline. He had one hand tracing up and down Keith's arm, just the gentlest touch of his fingertips, and it made him shiver, goosebumps breaking out in the wake of Lance's fingertips.

"Yeah, I guess it wouldn't be a great movie if the dinosaurs didn't eat people," Keith admitted, cautiously returning Lance's touch, fingers just under his T-shirt on his hip, moving in little circles instead of the slow, sweeping paths Lance's fingers were taking on his body.

Lance inclined his head just enough that his lips moved against Keith's neck when he spoke. "Best scenario: the dinosaurs are the size of chickens, but they *still* eat people." Lance laughed, and Keith prodded him in the side, which only served to tickle him into laughing harder. "That'd be hilarious."

"It'd be *disturbing*."



"Let me have my tiny vicious dinosaurs," Lance said, and this time, his mouth on Keith's neck was an intentional kiss, and then a slow series of them, his hand stilling, and then folding into Keith's.

Keith realized he'd never made out with anybody in a movie theater. He'd made out with somebody in a theater-theater, backstage after a production of something he'd pretended to be interested in because the guy playing the lead role was cute and had been interested in Keith's, quote, "whole bad-boy aesthetic." Looking back, that one had been a bad idea.

This felt like a much better one, especially when Lance's free hand found the back of his neck, combing through his hair, which Keith had left out of his usual ponytail, because he'd deal with the heat on the back of his neck if it meant Lance was more likely to pet his hair. Lance's lips met his as a T-rex roared in the background, but Keith couldn't give less fucks about the movie, not when Lance was trying to maneuver him into any position that got a part of Keith's anatomy between his legs.

"Lance," Keith said, and then gasped, because apparently pulling away from Lance's lips meant he was just gonna attach them to Keith's neck again. "Lance, we're in the middle of a—"

"Shh, it's fine," Lance said, still squirming to fit Keith's thigh between his legs, "I guarantee you there's already like, four handjobs in progress in this goddamn field."

Yeah, well, most of those people were probably *in* vehicles instead of exposed in the back of a pickup. But they had a blanket yanked over their laps, and could probably disguise whatever they were doing as some innocent making out if anybody came knocking. And Lance was moving Keith's hair out of the way so that he could get at his neck better, and had finally managed to get them into a position where his crotch rubbed against Keith's with every move, and Keith was easily convinced.

It was the proximity, Keith knew, but Lance's labored breath sounded so much louder than the booming speakers, despite the chase scene in progress behind them. Literally behind them. Lance probably could've seen it if he opened his eyes and removed his mouth from Keith's person, but the latter

was extremely unlikely. Keith didn't know what the fuck was happening in the movie, but he cared a lot more about Lance's hands sliding past the waistband of his shorts. He couldn't get in far, because the denim cut-offs were tight enough to show off Keith's thighs, but Lance did his best to wiggle his fingers in there so he could grab Keith's ass, hips moving against his. Lance's motions were fast and uncontrolled, needy in the way that made Keith wonder if he even knew he was doing it, or if he was just chasing pleasure.

"What do you want?" Keith asked, voice as quiet as he could bring himself to be, one hand sliding up Lance's thigh, which was mostly bare, because the athletic shorts Lance had on were, well. Pretty damn short.

"What? Oh. Anything, Keith, I mean, c'mon. I'm a horny teenager, you know this," Lance said, laughing into the crook of his neck again.

Keith shifted uncomfortably. Lance referring to himself as a horny teenager was accurate, sure, but it served to remind Keith just how new at all of this he was. "You sure you don't wanna just... hold off for now and go back to my place later?" He was sure he could text Shiro and ask if he'd stay at his boyfriend's for the night.

"Uh, nope." Lance's fingers curled in the front of Keith's waistband this time, but he slowed before just unbuttoning his shorts and going for it. "There's no way in hell my mom's gonna be down with me just going home with you after a date, you know that, right?"

He hadn't. Keith wasn't sure what his own mother's opinion on that would be, because it'd never come up, but he was pretty sure it'd be *as long as you're not doing anything that'll get you hurt, it's fine*. "Oh. Yeah, sorry, I guess that's not really an option."

"Do you not wanna do this?" Lance asked. He seemed to be under the impression that Keith would be down for this without question, like he was some kind of... like he'd ever done this before.

But Lance felt *so good*, in his arms and against him, and Keith, for once, didn't care that things weren't going according to his expectations. If he

thought about it, his expectations were being exceeded. He wanted this. More than he thought he should, if he was gonna be the one of the two of them with any self-control. He almost laughed at that idea.

"I want this," he said, kissing Lance again, and that seemed to be a satisfactory answer, because Lance unzipped Keith's shorts and shoved his fly open. That seemed to be enough for him, because his hands went around Keith's back next, pulling him close to grind against him, and holy *shit*, he was so hard. Keith didn't think it was possible to get hard that fast, especially when you had a conversation about your mother's disapproval of your sex life in the middle of things, but Lance was back to grinding against him with those short, jerky thrusts that kept making Keith wonder what it'd be like to have Lance fuck him.

Lance was kissing him furiously, and Keith was wondering how to best flip them to get Lance on top without rocking the whole truck in a very obvious way, when voices that weren't being projected by movie speakers made him stop, jerking his head up to see a group of people walking past them to the concessions stand.

Lance had noticed, too, and his motions slowed, but his hand crept to the waistband of Keith's boxers anyway, pulling it down despite Keith hissing his name into his ear. "It's fine," Lance said, "they can't see us."

They couldn't, and they seemed engrossed in their own quiet conversation, appropriately hushed to avoid distracting others from the movie. Keith wasn't sure how to feel about Lance wrapping a hand around his cock just as somebody walked past the front bumper of the pickup.

It shouldn't have been hot. But Keith dropped his head onto Lance's shoulder and shook with the effort it took not to moan aloud and thrust into his fist. He ended up doing the latter, anyway.

"Wish I could get you back for last time," Lance said, stroking him slowly, looking over his shoulder like he was waiting for the group of moviegoers to return to their spot and leave them to get nasty in peace. "But I'm pretty sure the only place I could blow you here is the bathroom, and trust me, you do *not* wanna see the bathrooms, here."

"Next time," Keith promised him, and Lance seemed to like that, because he pushed his thumb against the head of Keith's dick and got real goddamn lucky there was a dinosaur roaring in the background because that *did* make Keith moan, a long, "*fuck*," followed by another lapse of silence because he could hear the people who'd unknowingly interrupted them before walking back through.

As soon as they were well and gone, Keith tugged Lance's shorts down, got his dick out while Lance kissed him, and Keith was starting to think Lance was mostly kissing him to keep himself quiet.

Well. If their first time was any indicator, Lance needed something to keep himself quiet.

Keith was close, and he was also extremely aware of how ridiculous the whole situation was. He was getting off at a movie, in the bed of a beat-up Ford, and he didn't think he'd ever been more turned-on in his life. Sure, somebody could catch them, but they'd catch him with *Lance*, who was beautiful in the kind of way that could have anybody in this truck with him, but it was Keith, and that thought made him kiss Lance harder, stroke him faster, try to give it to him as good as he possibly could. Given the circumstances.

And the way Lance whined his name between kisses, it was like he didn't wanna be here with anybody else.

Keith thrust into Lance's hand again as he came, probably rocking hard enough to be really obvious if somebody happened to look at them over the edge of the truckbed, but he didn't care, because it had Lance making all these pleased, breathy noises. Keith wondered if he could duck his head under the blanket and lick it all off him. Maybe suck him off again. He didn't give a fuck if it tasted foul.

He didn't get a chance to test that out, because Lance sealed his lips firmly against Keith's as he came, even with Keith barely stroking him. One of his hands tangled in Keith's hair and it hurt for a second, but Keith didn't care, because when Lance leaned away, his face blue in the light from the giant screen, he was happy and satisfied, relaxed into Keith's arms and pulling

him down to kiss. Keith knew the idea of wanting somebody to just make out with him shouldn't have been so mind-blowing, but he'd never really met anybody who seemed to like it as much as Lance did.

"I can't believe we just did that," Lance laughed, unwinding his fingers from Keith's hair. "I... shit. That was insane."

"You were the one who started it," Keith reminded him, gently bumping his forehead against Lance's. He'd poke him in the side or something, but he didn't want to move his hand, since it was covered in Lance's whole... mess.

"Can you get off me real quick?" Lance asked, "I've got tissues in my bag, just lemme up."

Keith went about the delicate business of rolling off of Lance without disturbing the blanket that was covering them, because his dick was still out, and there was a difference between covertly giving a guy a handjob and blatant public nudity. Lance cleaned them up, stuffing the crumpled tissues back in his bag, which was gross, and Keith had lost track of the plot of the movie but was fairly certain they were nearing the end of it. He wondered if they'd kick the two of them out if Lance just curled up against his side and fell asleep.

"So," Lance said, back to tracing his fingers up and down Keith's arm, "good first date?"

Oh, shit. This was about as far from the innocent first date Keith had been wanting to have as you could possibly get.

"Um."

"Yeah, had a lot more dick-touching than I thought it would, too," Lance said, like he could read his mind, or maybe just see how red Keith's face was. "I don't mind that, though."

"Good, that's... that's good," Keith said, settling against him. As usual, he was unsure what to do with Lance after the fact, but Lance seemed content

to finish watching the movie like they hadn't just been screwing around. "Hey," Keith said, after a while, gently nudging Lance.

"Yeah?"

"Do you wanna do this again sometime?" He said it like he was being casual about it, like his heart wasn't pounding against his ribs.

"Of course I do," Lance said. "The whole thing. The, you know, the boyfriend thing."

The boyfriend thing.

"I haven't done the boyfriend thing in a while," Keith said. And his last relationship hadn't exactly been the best.

"Me neither." Lance was quiet for a moment, and Keith couldn't tell if he was thinking or just watching the movie. "And never with a guy." He kissed Keith's jaw, soft, chaste. "But I want to."

"Me too," Keith admitted, and Lance's smile was brilliant.

They drove back to Lance's house with Lance explaining the long stretch of the movie Keith had missed—*shit, Keith we were banging through the velociraptor scene, that's the best part in the whole movie, I'm showing it to you on youtube later*—and holding hands over the gearshift.

Keith's face was bright red and his hands shook a little as he kissed Lance goodbye with a *mom is definitely watching through the sliding door* level of tame. "Chill," Lance ordered him, and Keith laughed and let Lance kiss him again. "You're being a perfectly respectable boyfriend."

"Wasn't being respectable at all like thirty minutes ago."

"Well, yeah, but nobody knows about that." Lance winked, hooking his index fingers in Keith's belt-loops to pull him in for a last kiss goodbye.

"I guess," Keith said, gently removing Lance's hands from his person because they were definitely still being monitored. "But, uh, next time we

decide to watch movies, maybe we could do it at my place?"

You know. In private.

"Hell yeah," Lance said, "it's a date."

**Author's Note:**

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